

DELL

Still 10¢

Jace Pearson's

AUG.-OCT.
NO. 1021

Tales of the **TEXAS
RANGERS**





"Texas is a mighty big state... lots of territory to cover, and lots of places for badmen to hide out. A Ranger's business is to find them and bring them to justice."



"It's a dangerous business and nobody realizes it any more than a Texas Ranger. But we accept our lot because we know we have a job that has to be done."



"Sometimes we ride into more trouble than we bargain for... Once we found ourselves fighting the fury of a lashing storm and battling the plunderers of a disaster-stricken town, as well as pursuing a gang of hard-riding bank robbers. You'll read all about it in 'Hurricane!'."

Jane Pearson's
Tales of the
**TEXAS
RANGERS**

ONE MORNING, IN THE RANGER OFFICE AT CLANTON,
A SMALL TEXAS TOWN NEAR THE GULF OF MEXICO...

THIS CARLSON GANG
HAS TO BE STOPPED! I
JUST GOT ANOTHER REPORT!
THEY ROBBED THE BANK AT
VESTON! SHOT DOWN A
TELLER!

THEY'RE A BUSY BUNCH!
THAT'S THREE ROBBERIES
IN THE LAST MONTH!
ANY OF THE REPORTS
SAY WHICH WAY THEY'RE
HEADED?

HURRICANE

YES...THE GULF! LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAN
ON CATCHING A SHIP OUT! HERE'S A
POSTER ON CARLSON!

HE'S A ROUGH-
LOOKING
CUSTOMER!

AND THE THREE MEN WITH
HIM ARE ALL WANTED
SUNNIT! YOU'LL HAVE TO
PROCEED WITH UTMOST
CAUTION!

BUT GET THEM!
YOU CAN LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY.
CAN'T YOU?

JUST ONE THING,
CHIEF! MY NEPHEW,
RICKY, IS COMING
TO VISIT ME! I
PLANNED ON
PICKING HIM UP
AT STARDALE!

ALL RIGHT! TAKE
CARE OF THAT...
THEN GET ON
THE JOB!

RIGHT! I'LL TELEGRAPH
STARDALE AND TELL THEM
WE'RE ON THE WAY!

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MEANWHILE, AT THE STAGE DEPOT
AT STARDALE ...



JUST GOT A TELEGRAPH MESSAGE
FROM YOUR UNCLE CLAY! SAID HE'D
BE A LITTLE LATE, BUT FOR YOU TO
WAIT RIGHT HERE!



JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!
THERE'S LEMONADE NEXT DOOR
IF YOU NEED REFRESHIN'!



DON'T WANDER TOO FAR!
I WANT YOU HERE WHEN
YOUR UNCLE SHOWS UP!



AN HOUR LATER, IN CLANTON ...

CHIEF! I JUST GOT WORD ON THE
TELEGRAPH! A HURRICANE'S BLAZIN'
IN FROM THE GULF!

HURRICANE? WE'D BETTER PUT
OUT EMERGENCY STORM PRECAUTIONS!
HOW MUCH TIME DID THEY SAY WE HAD?



TWO HOURS AT THE MOST, SIR! AND THAT STORM'S LIABLY TO HIT ANYWHERE WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF HERE!



GET THE WORD OUT! HAVE EVERYONE BOARD UP AND TAKE SHELTER. I'LL GET SOME MEN OUT TO WARN PEOPLE IN THE CANYONS.

YESSIR!



BE SURE AND GET A MESSAGE TO THE JUNCTION OFFICE AT BROKEN BEND! RANGERS NORMAN AND PEARSON ARE ON THEIR WAY TO STARDALE! MAYBE WE CAN WARN THEM IN TIME!

RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



RANGERS TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN WARNING LOCAL RESIDENTS OF THE APPROACHING DANGER...

NO TELLING FOR SURE IF IT WILL HIT IN THIS AREA, BUT TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONS!

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, RANGER! NO SENSE FOOLIN' WITH A HURRICANE!



AT THE BROKEN BEND JUNCTION...

THIS JUST CAME IN! THEY WANTED US TO WARN THOSE TWO RANGERS ABOUT AN ONCOMING HURRICANE!

BUT THEY RODE THROUGH OVER A HALF-HOUR AGO!



NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW... JUST HOPE THEY SEE IT IN TIME TO TAKE COVER!





ON THE TRAIL OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

HERE IT COMES, CLAY!
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE
COVER NOW!

I JUST HOPE STARRDALE WAS
WARNED IN TIME! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'LL DO IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO RICKY!



GIANT WAVES LASH THE COAST AS
THE HURRICANE ROARS IN...



UNLEASHING ITS FURY ON THE MAINLAND
AND RIPPING UP TREES AND BRUSH...



THE HURRICANE MOVES ON, THE HOWLING
WINDS LASHING ALL IN ITS PATH...



IT'S MOVING RIGHT
TOWARD STARRDALE!

SECONDS BEFORE IT HITS STARRDALE, THE
LAST OF THE CITIZENS REACH SAFETY...



INSIDE!
STAY DOWN!

THEN, THE FULL FORCE OF THE WHIRLING, HOWLING HURRICANE SMASHES THE TINY COASTAL TOWN...



LEAVING IT A SILENT, DAMAGED WRECK...

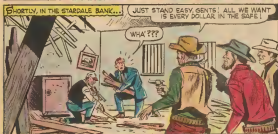


AND MOVES ON TO DISSIPATE AND DIE ON THE NEARBY FARMLANDS...











A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHERIFF... THE CARLSON GANG. THEY ROBBED THE BANK!

THE CARLSON GANG?



YES, SIR! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! I RECOGNIZED THEM! YOU'VE GOT TO GET THEM!

WHICH WAY DID THEY RIDE OUT?



TOWARD STONE CANYON! CLEANED US OUT OF EVERY CENT AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!



WE'LL TRY TO TRACE THEM DOWN!

THANKS, RANGERS!

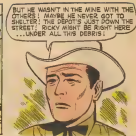


AS JACK AND CLAY HEAD OUT...

JACK! LOOK AT THAT!

WHAT IS IT?







BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU RANGERS!
THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THOSE GUYS WERE
COMIN' BACK!

WHAT HAPPENED?



SOME HOMBRES CAME UP HERE AND
STOLE FOUR OF MY BEST HORSES!
LEFT THEIR OWN OUTSIDE!

LET'S GET
AFTER 'EM,
JACE!



I'D GET SOME HELP
IF I WERE YOU!
THEY'RE A
ROUGH BUNCH!

THANKS ...BUT
WE CAN TAKE CARE
OF OURSELVES
AND THEM, TOO!



DISREGARDING THE TWO-TO-ONE ODDS,
THE RANGERS HEAD OUT...



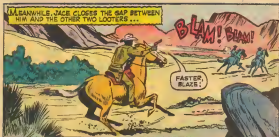
AND SHORTLY, IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...

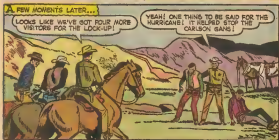
THERE THEY ARE!











LATER, IN STARDALS...

GOOD WORK,
RANGERS!

YOU GET ANYTHING ON MY NEPHEW YET?



NO... SORRY... NOT A WORD!
SEARCHERS ARE STILL LOOKING!
I'VE GOT SOME MORE LOOTING
REPORTS, THOUGH...
WANT TO GET
ON THEM?

BUT... RICKY... OH,
SURE... RIGHT AWAY!



BUCK UP, CLAY! MAYBE
SOMETHING WILL...

HEY, RANGER!



UNCLE CLAY!

RICKY! WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN?
WHAT HAPPENED?



GOSH... I WAS WALKIN' AROUND... AN'
THEN EVERYBODY STARTED RUNNING!
I GOT SCARED AT FIRST... THEN I
REMEMBERED WHAT YOU TOLD ME!

WHAT I TOLD YOU...?



SURE...YOU KNOW...BOUT KEEPIN' CALM IN AN EMERGENCY...I FOUND A STORM SHELTER...BUT THE OL' HURRICANE COVERED IT ALL UP, AND I COULDN'T GET OUT!



THIS MAN DUG ME OUT A FEW MINUTES AGO!

SURE WANT TO THANK YOU, MISTER!



I CAME RIGHT HERE TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! UNCLE CLAY TOLD ME TO DO THAT, TOO...IF I WAS EVER LOST OR ANYTHING!

THAT'S THE BEST ADVICE YOU EVER GOT, RICKY! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T GET RINCKY!



UNCLE CLAY SAYS THE TEXAS RANGERS DON'T EVER GET SCARED!

I JUST ABOUT WENT BACK ON MY WORD WHEN I FOUND THIS!



OH, BOY! YOU FOUND MY RANGER GUN! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THAT AGAIN!

WE WERE KIND OF WORRIED THERE FOR A WHILE THAT WE MIGHT NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, RICKY!



THIS TIME, I'M MAKIN' SURE! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE UNTIL JACE AND I GET THROUGH WITH OUR WORK! THEN WE'LL HEAD BACK FOR CLANTON!

YESSIR, SIR!





Beampole Benny stumbled into the sheriff's office and slumped into a chair, exhausted and breathing heavily.

"Well, stranger, what can I do for you?" Sheriff Will inquired.

"Are you interested in corraling a posper by the name of Doublecut Sam?" Beampole gasped, mopping his dusty forehead.

Sheriff Will tapped at his chin and with a crooked grin replied, "I could bring that hombre in any day of the week, but it wouldn't do any good. He's one of the biggest swindlers in the territory, but no one will testify against him. Once Doublecut separates a man from his money, the man's either too embarrassed to talk or he just mysteriously disappears."

"I know that for a fact," Beampole nodded, "because I'm one of the doughheads who disappeared, only I've come back!"

Sheriff Will leaped from his chair. "Are you willing to testify against Doublecut if I arrest him on charges of fraud?"

"I certainly am!" Beampole thundered. "I've just walked across fifty miles of desert, living on cactus water and rattlesnake meat, for that purpose!"

"Doublecut usually sticks to fleecing greenhorns of their money by getting them to invest in gold mining stock, which is always worthless," the sheriff commented, as he looked again at the dusty stranger. "I can tell at a glance that you are no greenhorn, so how did it happen that you fell for his line of talk?"

"He's a pretty slick operator," Beampole smiled ruefully. "I came to the big town a few weeks ago for some fun and just happened to run into him at the hotel."

"You don't have to tell me the rest," the sheriff growled. "Doublecut managed to get a look at your bank roll and then he started work on you."

"He fast-talked me out of my money by

selling me gold mine stock, just like you said," Beampole howled. "But then I began to get suspicious and I made him promise to show me the mine. I guess you know what happened then."

"Um-hum," Sheriff Will nodded. "He and his boys took you across the desert and into the hills to see the mine. Likely as not they showed you some old abandoned shaft and then managed to leave you there without any food or water."

"Yep," Beampole growled. "I saw a mine, all right! I reckon that's what happened to the others who disappeared, too, only not knowing how to take care of themselves out there, they never got back alive!"

"If it wasn't for the fact that I've prospected in those same hills, I never would have found my way back, either."

The sheriff chuckled softly, realizing that at last he had a witness against Doublecut. "Well, I reckon you're pretty anxious for revenge since Sam made a fool out of you like he did those other greenhorns!"

"I didn't mind being taken for a greenhorn," Beampole said in rising tones. "I didn't even mind, too much, being skinned out of my money!"

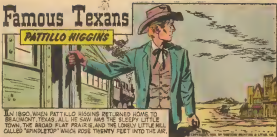
But then his face rapidly turned to a crimson red and his anger flared. "But it was what I saw out in the hills that made my blood boil!"

"Well, what did you see?" Sheriff Will asked anxiously, eying the raging man.

Beampole struggled to regain his self-control. "I didn't remember the area right away because it's been a long time since I prospected in those hills," he began. "Then all of a sudden, I recognized the mine as one that had petered out over ten years ago. What's more, that low-down swindler sold me stock in a mine that I already owned! That's what made me so doggedly angry! Come on, Sheriff, let's go get him!"

Famous Texans

PATILLO HIGGINS





FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS, RUD HOGGINS WORKED HARD IN HIS OWN BACKYARD, BUT HE NEVER STOPPED TALKING ABOUT OIL. FINALLY, OUT OF DESPERATION, TWO CITIZENS OF BEAUMONT DECIDED TO BACK HIM—HOPING TO SHUT HIM UP IF NOTHING ELSE.



A DRILLING CONTRACTOR WAS FOUND TO SINK THE HOLE, BUT HIS RIG WAS MADE FOR DRILLING WATER WELLS. HE COULD GO NO DEEPER THAN 300 FEET, AND THE TESTS WERE ABANDONED.



IN DESPERATION, PITTLAND STARTED WRITING TO NORTHERN OIL COMPANIES, ADVERTISING IN EASTERN NEWSPAPERS, ASKING FOR ANYONE TO COME HELP HIM FINISH HIS WELL.



FINALLY, WHEN HE HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE, A REPLY CAME FROM CAPTAIN ANTHONY LUCAS OF MARATHON, ILL. HE WOULD COME TO BEAUMONT IN HOPES OF FINDING NOT OIL—BUT SULFUR.



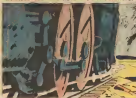
WITH CAPTAIN LUCAS DIRECTING THE DRILLING, USING THE NEWEST METHODS THAT WOULD KEEP THE HOLE FROM COLLAPSING IN, THE WELL WENT DOWN AND DOWN UNTIL, AT LAST IT REACHED 1400 FEET.



THEN ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 10, 1901, MORE THAN TEN YEARS AFTER HE HAD FIRST CONCEIVED THE IDEA, HIGGINS'S WELL CAME IN WITH A BOOM, BLOWING THE DRILLING EQUIPMENT, THE DERRICK, AND 300 FEET OF PIPE MORE THAN 100 FEET INTO THE AIR.



BUT, BUT WAIT! IT SEEMED THEY HAD CHARGED FROM A SPARK FROM A PASSING LOCOMOTIVE SET FIRE TO THE VAST LAKE OF OIL SURROUNDING THE WELL. A QUARTER OF A MILLION BARRELS OF OIL WENT UP IN SMOKE, BUT MIRACULOUSLY THE WELL WAS NOT DESTROYED.



NOTHING SO HUGE HAD EVER BEEN SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES. THE WELL GUSHED FORTH MORE THAN 50,000 BARRELS OF OIL EACH DAY.



WORKING UNDER UNBELIEVABLE HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS, LUCAS AND HIGGINS TRIED FOR SEVEN DAYS BEFORE THEY WERE ABLE TO CAP THE WELL AND STOP THE FLOW.





WITHIN A YEAR, MORE THAN 500 DERRICKS STOOD BRISTLING ON SPINDLETOP'S 14.6 ACRES. PRODUCTION WAS MORE THAN TRIPLE THAT OF ALL THE REST OF THE UNITED STATES, AND NEARBY LAND WAS SELLING FOR AS MUCH AS \$130,000 AN ACRE.



SPINDLETOP WAS UNIQUE, AND SPECIAL TRAINS BROUGHT SIGHTSEERS ALL THE WAY FROM ST. LOUIS, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK.



BUT OUT OF ALL THIS CHAOS AT SPINDLETOP, THE TEXAS OIL INDUSTRY WAS BORN AND TOWNS BECAME CITIES OVERNIGHT.



HIGGINS AND HIS PARTNERS BECAME AMERICA'S FIRST OIL MILLIONAIRES.



BUT IN THE MODEST STUCCO HOUSE WHERE PETTILLO HIGGINS LIVED A LONG, FULL LIFE, HIS GREATEST PLEASURE WAS DERIVED NOT FROM HIS MONEY... BUT FROM THE FACT THAT HIS PREDICTIONS WERE RIGHT... FOR GEOLOGISTS HAD SAID THAT THERE WAS NO OIL UNDER SPINDLETOP.

Jack Fierstone tells of the
**TEXAS
RANGERS**

BANDIT BAIT

I JUST SPOTTED THE
RANGERS BACK THERE!
THEY'RE COMING UP FAST
BEHIND US!

RECKON THEY DON'T
TAKE KINDLY TO US
ROBBIN' THAT BANK!



THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO COME
THROUGH THAT PASS JUST LIKE
WE DID! WE'LL PICK 'EM OFF
FROM THE ROCKS!



KEEP THOSE HORSES
OUT OF SIGHT ...
AND QUIET!

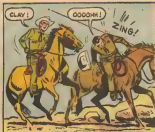
I'LL DO MY JOB!
YOU TWO, JUST
DON'T MISS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE RANGERS
RIDE THROUGH THE NARROW PASS ...

JUST A FEW MORE FEET AND
THERE'LL BE TWO LESS RANGERS!





DISREGARDING THE NUMEROUS GUNFIRE,
JACK DRAWS HIS PARTNER TO SAFETY...





UP AHEAD ON THE TRAIL...

THERE'S ENOUGH WATER HERE TO GET US TO THE BORDER! WE'LL CAMP IN THAT CLEARING FOR THE NIGHT!



WE'LL TAKE TURNS STANDIN' WATCH! YOU FIRST, KIRK!

ALL RIGHT... BUT I DON'T SEE ANY REASON FOR IT! THERE'S NO ONE ON OUR TRAIL NOW!



BUT, LATER THAT NIGHT...

STAY RIGHT HERE, BOY! AND BE QUIET!



CAUTIOUSLY AND QUIETLY, JACE MOVES TOWARD THE CLEARING.



I COULD SURPRISE THE ONE ON GUARD... BUT ONE OF THE OTHERS MIGHT GET AWAY IN THE DARKNESS WITH THAT BANK MONEY!









LOS DIABLOS TEJANOS...

THE EYES AND EARS OF THE ARMY.



When Texas was annexed by the United States in 1845, the Rangers were deactivated and their responsibilities and duties were assigned to troops of the United States Army.



The army "regulars," however, were unaccustomed to life on the Texas frontier. Many a good, but inexperienced soldier was lost to the lance of a charging Indian, or to the blazing guns of border outlaws.



As a result, the Rangers were reorganized and assigned to handle border and Indian troubles. Shortly thereafter, the war with Mexico broke out, and the newly-formed Rangers were pressed into service as scouts.



They courageously proved their worthiness, not only as being eyes and ears for the army but right and left arms as well. Their foes respectfully called them "Los Diablos Tejanos" . . . the Texas Devils.

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

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TEXAS TRAIL NORTH



"Clay and I know that a cattle drive is a big job, and I often think of the Kentuckian, Oliver Loving, as he cut his first trail north through Texas . . .

"Loving was impressed by the wild herds of longhorns he saw roaming Texas ranges. Unable to fence them out of his farm, he rounded up a herd and drove them across the Sabine River into Louisiana. The sale was so gratifying he contracted to deliver beef to far-flung trooper posts.



"The few trails open beyond the Red River were hampered by hostile Indians and outlaws, so Loving mapped a safer route to Sedalia, Missouri, by listening to reports from army scouts and freighters.



"On the initial drive, they were set upon by a hundred Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Ordering his men not to shoot, Loving addressed the chief, thanking him for allowing the cattle to cross Indian land.



"This modesty impressed the chief, who nodded approval but added that his people were hungry. Cutting out a dozen steers, Loving offered them to the chief, laying a pattern of justice to protect future drives.



"Many hardships hindered the drive, but the pounding hoofs of the cattle trampled a route north for other Texans to follow. Loving cut other trails, but the Sedalia Trail opened Texas for cattle trade."

THE LEGEND OF RANGER LAKE



In 1880, the Comanche Indians raided along the Texas-New Mexico border. They struck each time with lightning swiftness, killing and plundering, and then vanished into the trackless desert. According to legend, they survived only because they knew of the "lost lakes" of the desert.



All attempts to track the Indians met with failure or death until the Texas Rangers took up the chase. Using special slings to cart water kegs on the backs of pack mules, they set off into the blazing desert.



After days of hot, dusty travel, the Rangers came upon the "lost lakes." The Comanches, however, were nowhere to be found. Rations were cut to a minimum, and the Texans dug in to await the Indians' return.



The wily Comanches, however, did not return to their desert hide-out. Winter set in, and the Rangers were forced to abandon their plan. They returned to civilization, fighting snowdrifts and aching cold.



After the discovery of the secret water holes, the Indians raided less frequently. In appreciation of a job well-done, there is today, a water hole in the New Mexico desert which bears the name "Ranger Lake."